

**WEATHER BULLETIN.**  
SIXTH OREGON WICHTA, Kan., Oct. 18.—The highest temperature was 62°, the lowest was 45°, and the mean 53°, and two years ago the mean 54°, with cooler, cloudless weather, higher barometer, brisk to light north winds.

Last year on Oct. 18, the highest temperature was 61°, the lowest 49°, and the mean 55°, and two years ago the corresponding temperatures were 55°, 48° and 66°.

**FRED L. JOHNSON, Observer.**  
WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 18, 8 p. m.—Forecast until 8 p. m. Sunday:

For Kansas—Warmer, southerly winds, and fair weather.  
For Missouri—Fair weather, variable winds, warmer by Monday morning.

**WANT AN EXTRA SESSION.**  
ARKANSAS CITY, Kan., Oct. 18.—At a large meeting of the citizens held tonight, the following petition was read and numerously signed: "To his excellency, L. U. Humphrey, governor of the state of Kansas, we, the undersigned, citizens of Arkansas City and vicinity, respectfully petition your excellency to convene the legislature of the state in extra session for the purpose of passing such laws as will most effectually protect the state against the sale of liquors in original packages, or otherwise, in violation of the laws of the state."

**OHIO LAWMAKERS.**  
COLUMBUS, Ohio, Oct. 18.—The house this morning after a stormy session, refused to pass the senate compromise bill, giving the governor power to remove the members of the Cincinnati board of improvements and providing for a new board at the election next April. The vote stood 32 yeas to 30 nays. Fifty-eight yeas are required to pass a bill. Some of the Hamilton county Democrats voted against the bill.

The legislature today defeated the compromise bill abolishing the board of improvements at Cincinnati, and adjourned to Monday without accomplishing any result.

Why suffer? Preston's "Hed-Ake" will cure you.

**BASEBALL MEETING.**  
PITTSBURGH, Pa., Oct. 18.—The National League and Brotherhood managers met here again tonight. The only thing that prevented consolidation was the question of price. The Brotherhood asked for 70 per cent of the stock of the combination. The National League would not agree to this. Another meeting will be held next week.

**THE MCKINLEY BILL.**  
LONDON, Oct. 17.—Right Hon. J. A. Mordaunt (Liberal), M. P., speaking at Sheffield today, said he believed the McKinley tariff would disappoint its framers, and prove oppressive to American consumers, especially the farmers. Austria, Germany, Belgium and France would suffer the most severely of European nations. England, however, would undoubtedly be able to overcome the dear labor of America. If the Canadians should proclaim free trade they would be masters of the situation.

Cures while you wait—Preston's "Hed-Ake."

**LEXINGTON RACES.**  
LEXINGTON, Ky., Oct. 18.—Closing day of the fall meeting of the Kentucky Horse Breeder's association. The 234 race was won by Winslow Wilkes, King Tomcat second, Best time, 2:15. Horton won the 230 trot, Veritas second. Best time, 2:19.  
The special stakes for 4-year-olds was won by Nancey Hanks, Bonnie Wilmore second. Best time, 2:24.  
Minerva won the 223 trot, Van Tussell second. Best time, 2:27.

**MCKINLEY ON THE STUMP.**  
PITTSBURGH, Pa., Oct. 18.—Major McKinley, the distinguished congressman from Ohio, spoke in Carnegie hall, Allegheny city, tonight. The place was filled to overflowing, and no public man ever received a warmer reception. It was a perfect ovation and the applause lasted at times from five to ten minutes.

**THE MARSHAL BOUNDED.**  
LEAVENWORTH, Kan., Oct. 18.—The new board of police commissioners organized today, and their first act was to request the resignation of Marshal McFarley, who has been enforcing the prohibitory law by closing and nailing up the places where liquors were sold.

**MCKINLEY'S DISTRICT.**  
MEDINA, O., Oct. 18.—Speaker Reed, Rep. R. A. Alger and Hon. George R. Baldwin of Chicago, addressed a mass meeting of 3,000 people here today. The speakers were applauded and cheer after cheer was given for McKinley.

**ADMIRAL PORTER.**  
WASHINGTON, Oct. 18.—Admiral Porter is reported by his family to be gradually but surely improving. He is now recovering the night and taking a sufficient quantity of nourishment with apparent relish.

**AFTER BLAIR'S SEAT.**  
CONCORD, N. H., Oct. 18.—Ex-Congressman J. H. Gallinger, of this city, has issued and sent to active Republicans throughout the state a letter announcing his candidacy for the United States senate, to succeed Henry W. Blair.

**Appropriate Enough.**  
Mr. Larkin—I see that at a wedding in England the bride was accompanied by four little boys dressed in sailor suits.  
Larkin—That's all right. It was a marry time affair, you know.—Judge.

**STRANGE TALES.**

An English geologist predicts that within fifty years a convulsion of nature will sink the whole of New Zealand fifty feet below the surface of the sea.

A young man walked in his sleep one night recently, at St. Petersburg, Fla., and when he awoke he found himself at a grindstone sharpening his knife.

A farmer near Atlanta, Ga., not needing a coffin he bought for his sick child, the latter getting well, mounted it on four legs and used it as a watering trough for his cows. With the lid he raised his fence.

A Williamsport (Mich.) man, whose well ran dry, found that the roots of a willow had grown a distance of twenty-four feet, rolled up on the bottom in a solid mass, and were carrying all the water into the foliage.

A Batavia, Done county, Wis., man swallowed a large damming needle, and went to a doctor to have it removed. The doctor made him sneeze, and on the very next attempt the needle came and stuck into a pin cushion on the doctor's table.

In Halesburn Park, Ga., is a curious grapevine. About five feet from the ground, from a large live oak, there protrudes a grapevine about one inch in diameter. The tree is perfectly solid, and no roots to the grapevine can be seen.

An interesting fact just ascertained by government observers is that at the extremities of Long Island sound the tide begins to flow inward near the bottom one and one-half hours before it begins to flow in the same direction at the surface of the water.

A family of the name of Moore, living near Columbus, Ind., has a peculiar and distinguishing family mark running through three generations. At a reunion of twenty-seven persons, which represented the three generations, nineteen had six toes on each foot.

A remarkable occurrence happened in Lewistown, Me. A 15-year-old boy was swimming near the falls while the Cowan mill was shut down. He started for shore just as it started up. The extra flow of water threw him over and carried him to the water falls. There he was recovered by a swimmer. He swam to the bar and was rescued uninjured by a boy.

## HELEN DAUVRAY.

John Ward's Wife on the Stage Again.

HER GOWNS IN THE WHIRLWIND.

Editor Sessional Tupper Interviews the Star for the Benefit of Our Readers. What Miss Dauvray Has to Say for Herself and Her Play.

[Copyright by American Press Association.]  
The return of Helen Dauvray to the stage is one of the most dramatic interests. The romantic circumstances of her marriage to



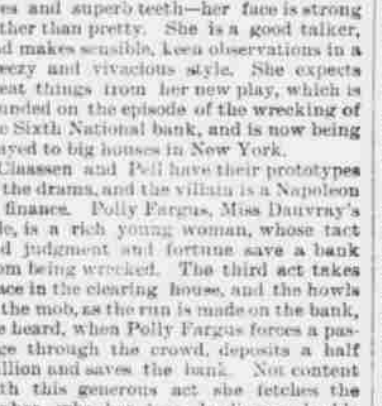
HELEN DAUVRAY.

John Ward, her subsequent projected return to the stage, which her husband forbade, the mystery surrounding their separation, all are recalled and discussed and conjectured about. Miss Dauvray has always been known as a paleontologist and a paleontologist, who has labored faithfully in the interests of the American drama. She made a hit in "One of Our Girls," though it is generally believed she was a pecuniary sufferer by her Lyceum ventures.

I had not seen Miss Dauvray since I used to watch her enthusiasm over baseball, especially when Johnny Ward was at the bat, until I met her the other morning as she came off the stage of the Standard theatre during a rehearsal of "The Whirlwind." She wore the smartest of top coats and the lauriest of sailor hats, and was trim and trim from top to toe. Later, in her cozy room at an uptown hotel, we chatted of her play, her plans and her gowns. Without the aid of a pleasant picture, the details of which were a room in artistically decorated array, a guitar on a piano littered with photographs, a collection of riding whips on the table, near which were a "Guide to Baseball" and a pair of long gray gloves; the floor strewn with fur rugs and big trunks, a tiny blonde headed toddler jabbering to "Aunt Helen," a superb Irish setter—King—leaping a caress, and sitting schoolgirl fashion, with one foot tucked up under her, wrapped in a Japanese dressing gown with a terra cotta front, gesticulating with very pretty hands loaded with turquoise, the actress herself, her big, dark eyes sparkling with enthusiasm as she talked of "The Whirlwind."

Miss Dauvray looks as unlike an actress as any woman possibly could. There is no trace of make up, nor are there any of the affected mannerisms so common to the women of the stage. Her black hair is brushed straight back from a well shaped forehead, and tied in a small chaste braid. Her beauty lies in her speaking eyes and superb teeth—her face is strong rather than pretty. She is a good talker, and makes sensible, keen observations in a breezy and vivacious style. She expects great things from her new play, which is founded on the episode of the wrecking of the Sixth National bank, and is now being played to big houses in New York.

Glassen and Pull have their prototypes in the drama, and the villain is a Napoleon of finance. Polly Fergus, Miss Dauvray's role, is a rich young woman, whose tact and judgment and fortune save a bank from being wrecked. The third act takes place in the clearing house, and the howl of the mob, as the ruin is made on the bank, are heard, when Polly Fergus forces a passage through the crowd, deposits a half million and saves the bank. Not content with this generous act she fetches the banker, who has been leading a double



JOHN WARD.

life, to his seat, and effects a reconciliation between him and his son, whom the banker had ignominiously thrust out of his house years before.

Mr. Rosenfeld's idea in writing this play, said Miss Dauvray, "was to give a picture of the life of a millionaire woman of America—not precisely the business woman like Mary Garrett, but the young woman who fancies herself a business woman and is perfectly self-reliant, but who is after all a thorough woman. Through the role of Polly is a charming one, and there are two or three others that are better than mine, but I don't mind that. I am not one of those actresses who think that everything must be subordinated to the star. Another thing, I am not in the least afraid that the center of the stage shall always be at my disposal."

Miss Dauvray desires all her costumes, and part Indian. Miller is said to be a very able man, and one of fine character. Senator Larkin has one of the finest families in Washington. He, too, has seven children living, but has lost four. The names which were given these eleven suggest very strongly the New England origin and sympathies of the parents. The roster is as follows: Elliott, Ruth, Ethel, Ralph, Addison, Constance, Sheffield, Faith, Marion, Mariel and Louise.

Few of the old men in congress have such a fine family circle as that which

Senator and Mrs. Evans expect to bring together in the holidays. There are nine children in all. The eldest daughter, Hetty, is the wife of Charles C. Beaman, who was well known in Washington during his younger days as the private secretary of Senator Charles Sumner. He is now a member of his father-in-law's law firm in New York. Miss Mary Evans lives with her father and mother, and is quite popular in senatorial circles. Helen is the wife of Charles H. Tread, one of the prominent lawyers of the metropolis. Elizabeth is the wife of Charles H. Perkins, one of Boston's most distinguished art writers, and Laura married the accomplished son of ex-Representative Souder. It will be seen that the Evans girls have taken a strong liking to their father's profession. Three of the five sons are also lawyers. Prescott manages the potter's estate. Charles is an Episcopal clergyman, while the other three, Allen, Sherman and Maxwell, are in their father's law firm.

I had started out to write of Washington street scenes, and here I am gossiping about Washington's big families. As a matter of fact the largest families in Washington are and probably always will be unknown to fame. They are African. At the census office it is said the colored population of the District of Columbia is constantly gaining on the white population, and no wonder. Take a peep in some of the alleys of the Capital City, and see the myriads of pickaninies running about therein. Where they all come from, where they all sleep, who cares for them, whence comes their food and raiment, meager as these articles are, combine to form one of the mysteries of life. A Washington policeman told me he knew of one of these alleys in which, in a single block, there were 300 children by actual count.

This seems incredible, but it must be remembered that the building of alley houses is one of the most profitable investments capital can find in Washington. The houses are little crops of brick about fifteen feet wide and generally three stories high. Each story may have as tenants an entire family, with all the way from two to a dozen children in each family. Imagine the appearance of an alley flanked by two rows of tenement houses thus peopled, the thoroughfare itself being no more than twenty feet wide. So great a nuisance has this business of peopling alleys with colored families become in Washington that a western senator has introduced a bill forbidding the erection of houses in alleys less than forty feet in width. It will not be likely to pass, however, for among the men who have invested money in these houses, and who are getting dividends of 15 to 20 per cent a year, there are a number of United States senators.

Speaking of the colored people of Washington reminds me of a novel sort of contest that is constantly going on in this city. On the street cars about one-half the passengers are colored and about one-half white. The population of the District of Columbia is only one-third colored, but the street railway people say a colored man or woman will ride twice as often as a white man or woman. Four out of five persons you see on the sidewalks are white; on the street cars fully one-half, and I think more, are colored. Just why the colored people give up so much more of their money to the street railways than their white neighbors no one appears to know, but a guess I should say it is because the colored people have a constitutional antipathy to walking. At any rate, there are so many passengers of both colors that the cars are nearly always crowded, and the men have to get up and give their seats to ladies. Here is where the war of races comes in.

In Washington a white man will not rise and give his seat to a colored woman. In retaliation colored men refuse to rise and give their seats to white women. Thus it often happens that one will see all the seats in a car occupied by white women and black men. In all my experience in Washington I have never seen but three white men rise and give seats to colored women, and in one of these cases the woman was very old and infirm, and in the other two cases they were young and pretty and stylishly dressed. If all the colored women in Washington were of the working class it would not be such a delicate matter, but many of them are well bred, handsomely dressed, live in fine houses, and are in every way as much worthy of respect and courtesy as white women.

But what is one to do? As to women of his own color he makes no discrimination. He rises to give a seat to any white woman, young or old, rich or poor. But it is obvious that he does not want to do this as to colored women. There are few white men who will carry gallantry so far as to give their seats to black washerwomen and kitchen maids. One feels tempted to show more courtesy to the colored women who are evidently well bred and of good station, but discriminations are always dangerous and bothersome, and the white men conclude, therefore, that they will not discriminate, but will sit while colored women stand.

The husbands and brothers of the colored women resent this hotly, and claim that a gentleman who will discriminate against a lady simply because she is dark or black is not a gentleman at all. In retaliation, therefore, these colored men doggedly sit while white ladies are standing, and scores of this description occasionally lead to trouble, especially when a southern senator or congressman is unable to find seats for the ladies whom he is escorting. —WALTER WELLMAN.

**The Tennis Easy.**  
The pastor had given out the closing hymn. He took out his spectacles, wiped them on his coat sleeve and closed the book in front of him.

"While we are singing this hymn," he said, benignantly, "any persons in the congregation who wish to unite with me are cordially invited to come forward. All we ask of them is to subscribe to our doctrine, promise to try to live up to them and be reasonably faithful in attending the services of the church. It is not expected of the members of this church," he continued, pointing his finger at the shirt cuff up out of sight inside his coat sleeve and buttoning his vest tighter to relieve the sensation of guests within, "that they shall contribute anything to the support of the preacher unless they feel inclined, and I will do most of them the justice to say," he added, pushing his ancient looking hat farther into retirement under the pulpit seat, "that they don't feel inclined very often. I can guarantee that all who wish to travel to the good world of the most successful plan will find congenial company in this church."

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## THE LENNON BROTHERS.

They Compose the Famous Family Baseball Team of Joliet, Ill.

Like Chicago, Joliet, Ill., is the proud possessor of a family of brothers who compose a baseball team that can knock the cover off the elusive sphere in nine short innings. Their name is Lennon, and of late they have been playing an exciting series of games for the in-every-sense-of-the-word "brotherhood" championship with the Karpen brothers' team, of Chicago. The Lennon family fills all the positions in the game. Nine of the boys hold down the



THE LENNON BROTHERS.

regulation places, the tenth and youngest brother officiates as mascot, the brotherhood's proud papa umpires the game (without getting any back talk, too), and at a pinch the brotherhood's mother and sister can fill the grand stand and bleachers in the capacity of an enthusiastic audience sure to "root" hard for the "home team."

The boys are sons of John Lennon, a prosperous marble dealer, aged 45 years, and range in age from fifteen to twenty-four. They are sober, industrious young fellows, who attend strictly to business, whether at ordinary work or at the bat. The father and mother are healthy and happy, and it is hardly necessary to add that both are baseball "cranks" of the first magnitude. The Lennon brothers have defeated all the amateur teams in their vicinity. Their names and positions in the field are as follows:

Tom Lennon, first base; Ray Lennon, second base; Alvin Lennon, third base; Ed Lennon, pitcher; Artie Lennon, catcher; Joe Lennon, left field; Dan Lennon, right field; Pete Lennon, short stop; Morris Lennon, center field; George Lennon, mascot; John Lennon (father), umpire.

It is said that when the Lennon boys recently defeated the Karpen brotherhood team, of Chicago, Joliet went wild over the game, and every man, woman and child in the city (except those in Joliet's famous jail) turned out to see Chicago won.

**Pitcher Tom Flanagan.**  
Tom Flanagan, the hustling pitcher, heavy hitter and fast runner, fielder who is now a member of the Lincoln (Neb.) club, the latest addition to the Western Association, was born in Wilmington, Del., twenty-five years ago. He weighs 170 pounds and is just a shade over six feet in altitude. He made his debut as a professional in the uniform of the Zanesville club in 1885, for whom he played two seasons.

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Is a mild laxative and a sparkling morning drink—Bottled at Excelsior Springs, Mo.

**Ready for an Emergency.**  
"We hear rumors of another daily paper to be started in our city shortly," says a recent issue of the Bitter Creek (Dak.) Prospector. "We need just one more newspaper to fill a long felt gap and help divide the raffle. The last census gives us a population of 1,340, including twenty-three Chinamen, and there are only five newspapers now to supply their mental pabulum. Of course this new paper is to be published as an organ for the celestials we shall interpose no objections, but if it is to be started merely for political purposes we announce right now that we will not spare any crank that contributes toward its support. We are onto the fester that are trying to inveigle the job printer from Dead Women's Gulch to move his plant up here, and we shall have some very spicy biographical sketches to lay before our readers if they succeed in their efforts."

**Immediate relief by using Preston's "Hed-Ake."**

**Special Reduction.**  
Mrs. Ronig—What did you pay a yard for that, Mrs. Rooney?  
Mrs. Rooney—Nine cents.

"Why, they charged me ten cents for the same goods on Wednesday, but Wednesday was bargain day."—Munsey's Weekly.

**An Awkward Reply.**  
She—It's quite a surprise to meet you here, Mr. Ganche.  
He—Yes; I came because they told me there would be some pretty girls here, but I don't see any after all.—Munsey's Weekly.

**A Common Trouble.**  
"Aren't you ever overcome by some undefined longings, Mr. Snappery?"  
"No. I have much more trouble with very clearly defined shortnesses."—Harper's Bazar.

**Cures in fifteen minutes; Preston "Hed-Ake."**

**Why He Broke Down.**  
Drum Major (furiously)—You broke down a dozen times during the parade, sir. Why was that?  
Cornet Player (apologetically)—In order to keep in time I had to look at you, and whenever I did that I laughed.—Street & Smith's Good News.

**One Drawback.**  
Explorer—Africa is a very malarious country, too.  
Penelope (anxious to appear interested)—I suppose it must be, understand it is not sowered.—New York Evening Sun.

**Cards for Next June.**  
Philadelphia Girl—I feel lost here in all this noise and hurry of New York.  
New York Man—If "findings" is keepings, Miss Fairmount, I'll head a search party.—Punch.

**Immediate, harmless—Preston's "Hed-Ake."**

**The meaning of the word "either."**  
was gravely argued in an English court recently. A certain testator had left property, the disposition of which was affected by the "death of either" of two persons. One lawyer insisted that "either" meant both; and in support of his views he quoted Richardson, Webster, Chaucer, Dryden, Southey, the story of the crucifixion and a passage from Hevelius. The judge suggested that there was a song in "The Beggar's Opera" which took another view, "How happy I could be with either, were I other dear charmer away." In pronouncing judgment the court ruled that "either" meant one of two, and did not mean "both"; might have that meaning occasionally in poetry, but never in a court of chancery.—St. Louis Republic.

**It fails, money refunded; Preston's "Hed-Ake."**

**There was a Postscript.**  
Many years ago when Dr. Temple, the present bishop of London, was head master of Rugby a boy